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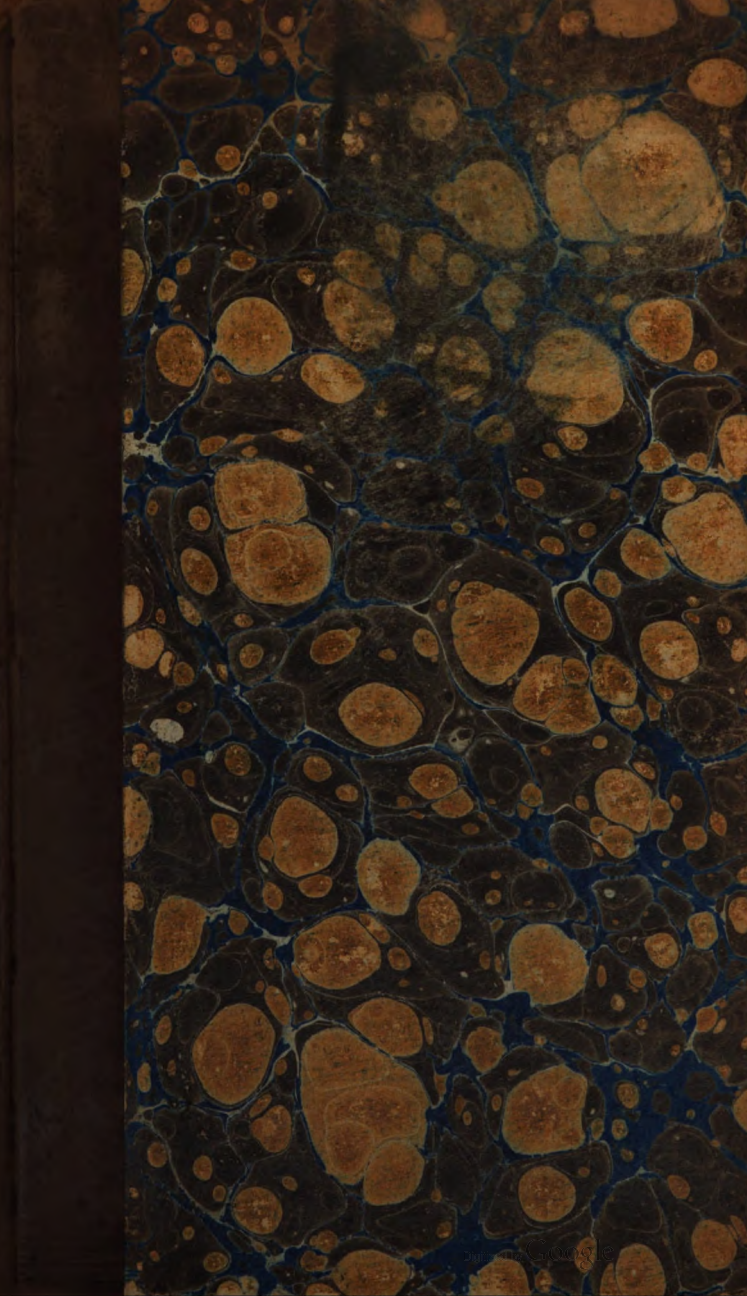
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MORE  
**SONGS AND BALLADS**

FOR

**THE PEOPLE.**

NOT

**BY A REVEREND B. A.**

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,



**LONDON:**

**WARD & CO. 27, PATERNOSTER ROW, ST. PAUL'S.  
1843.**

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**[Price 3d., or 21s. per 100.]**



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THE author of the following parodies is a lover of good and enlightened men, whether in or out of the Establishment; but is grieved to see insolent bigots in any communion, more especially when they stoop to such common-place scurrility as that contained in the "Songs and Ballads for the People."

That production has no claim as a work of merit; but the subjects touched upon serve to call attention to points of importance connected with the deepest interests of true religion.

The author of the present work has been compelled to pass over verse four of No. III. in the original, on account of its vulgarity; because he could not imitate it, lest he should be considered equally vulgar.

No apology is needed to the good men of the Establishment, who must equally regret with the author of these Parodies, that, owing to the lapse of so many of its leaders, the Church should call for any castigation.

This production is put forth, in the hope of counteracting the baneful influence of the "Songs and Ballads" of a Clergyman, written for the express purpose of misleading the people.

MORE

# SONGS AND BALLADS

FOR THE PEOPLE.

---

## I. *The Church of England.*

- 1 THE poor old Church of England !  
With her Puseyites thro' the land,  
Notwithstanding all her formulas,  
How tottering does she stand !  
Dissenters grow like mushrooms ;  
But not like them decay ;  
Some hundred years, thro' smiles and tears,  
They have still held on their way !
- 2 The poor old Church of England !  
Hath within her many a foe ;  
She hath Puseyites for her children,  
And babes they are, we know :  
They'd have princes now their beads to tell,  
And bow to a cross of wood ;  
And bring back the time of Charles the Weak,  
Preferr'd to George the Good.
- 3 The poor old Church of England !  
She doth Puseyism teach :  
'Twere presumption in Dissenters  
Such heresies to preach :  
They will take, perhaps, her churches  
And all her lands away ;  
For they say she's not the true Church,  
And refuse her tithes to pay.



- 4 God help the Church of England !  
 The Puseyite Church is she ;  
 She hath nourished it in her bosom,  
 And to it hath bow'd the knee.  
 God help the Church of England !  
 For nothing can her save ;  
 She hath sunk to second childhood,  
 And is digging her own grave.
- 

## II. *Teetotallers.*

- 1 You have heard that the Parsons meet in conclave  
 to-day,  
 With their snowy white surplices looking so gay :  
 And they'd have us obey them from morning to night,  
 Without ever presuming to ask—Is it right?
- 2 They talk a great deal about taking a vow,  
 As our forefathers did—but we don't do it now ;  
 For we can't see there's virtue or glory the least,  
 In obeying the whims of a Romanist priest.
- 3 Or supposing we were, as was done long before,  
 If they got all they asked, they'd want very much  
 more ;  
 So, Teetotalls, we from their potions abstain,  
 Lest they baptize the land with their poison again.
- 4 'Tis the word of our God we alone should obey.  
 Are the Puseyite fooleries found there ? not they :  
 From some musty old records they've scraped them,  
 and think  
 Of their poor Popish broth they can gull us to drink.
- 5 There's only one vow we are willing to make,  
 And that unto God—which we never will break :  
 It is, that we'll leave these new monks in the lurch,  
 With all the poor trash of their Romanish Church.

III. *Why don't you go to the Parish Church?*

## THE MOTHER'S ANSWER.

- 1 You may tell us of your pompous Church, where  
modern churchmen go ;  
You may tell us of the forms and vows you modern  
churchmen know ;  
I'm but little of a scholar, but the question is not long,  
For he who stays from such a church cannot be very  
wrong.  
IT IS A WAY THAT SEEMETH RIGHT, as Holy Scrip-  
ture saith,  
To HUMAN EYES, purblinded now, BUT THE END  
THEREOF IS DEATH.
- 2 The Pusey church with book and bell, and monks  
both white and grey,  
There it hath stood, as now it stands, in popish times  
they say :  
The greatest joys that I have known, or griefs I've  
had to bear,  
The warmest feelings of my heart, have not been nur-  
tured there :  
Shall I leave prayer and Bible now, to go with you  
and look  
At Pusey parson mumbling o'er his rosary and book ?
- 3 Our noble sires, whose mouldering bones within the  
tomb now lie,  
Taught us to love the word of God, and in its faith to  
die ;  
'Twould be dishonour to their names, whose souls are  
now in bliss,  
If all their teaching and their prayers should sink  
again to this ;  
Our ancestors were Protestants in England's glorious  
days,  
And would have scorn'd the Puseyite with his new-  
fangled ways.

- 4 Our ancestors were faithful men, and taunts and sneers they bore  
 For conscience' sake, 'till they were borne where pilgrims weep no more :  
 And shall we seek for comfort from aught else than God's own word,  
 Which promises the crown to those who're faithful to their Lord ?  
 No ! we will keep the good old paths that our forefathers trod,  
 Who hated Superstition's Church, but loved the House of God.
- 

#### IV. *Why don't you go to Church ?*

##### THE CHILD'S ANSWER.

- 1 OH no ! I dare not turn away,  
 As you would have me do ;  
 I dare not leave God's House to-day,  
 And turn half papist too.
- 2 God waits in his own House, I know,  
 To hear his people's prayer ;  
 But where the anti-christians go,  
 His presence can't be there.
- 3 Our Pastor well doth understand  
 How worship should begin ;  
 And prays from our Redeemer's hand  
 Forgiveness of our sin.
- 4 But who taught formal priests to pray ?  
 Who gave them power to preach ?  
 And lead their foolish flocks away  
 From what God's word doth teach ?

- 5 At meeting, first I learn'd to praise  
And love the Lord most high ;  
There will I worship all my days,  
For there He's ever nigh.
- 6 'Tis there I love his name to bless ;  
For there I hear his word :  
BUT POPERY IS WICKEDNESS  
AND SIN AGAINST THE LORD.
- 

### V. *Beating Bounds.*

- 1 COME, see again what's oft been seen,  
This pleasant month of May, sir ;  
The Parson meets us on the green,  
To beat the bounds to-day, sir.  
They'll revel too, at night, 'tis true ;  
But what of that ? This weather  
We'll have our sport—get drunk in short—  
And reel along together.

#### CHORUS.

We'll have our sport—get drunk in short—  
And roll about together.

- 2 Round about, and in and out,  
Right dizzily we tread, sir ;  
And church or school, no man shall rule,  
For Parson 's at the head, sir.  
Some in the lane, some in the brook,  
We mark the zigzag track, sir ;  
Some sleep quite still upon the hill,  
And some come tumbling back, sir.

#### CHORUS.

They try to walk, they try to talk,  
Along the zigzag track, sir.

- 3 Each parish-bound seems spinning round,  
 All just the very same, sir,  
 As it us'd to do, since first of all  
 Our sporting Parson came, sir.  
 Dissenters, scoffing, say that when  
 These bounds we go to search, sir,  
 Not one that's seen upon the green  
 Knows the mile-stone from the church, sir.

## CHORUS.

Not one that's seen upon the green  
 Can find his way to church, sir.

- 4 There has not been much change since then,  
 To make a man despair, sir ;  
 Only that some new-fangled name  
 Dissenters give our fair, sir.  
 Well, and they've given the church a hit  
 By methods somewhat rarish ;  
 But that's nought to me—we'd all agree  
 To send them from the parish.

## CHORUS.

Oh dear, if we could, (hiccup,) we would  
 Beat them out of the bounds of the parish.

- 5 These Dissenters say that any day  
 Their system ours surpasses ;  
 Our Parson, they state, is not very great,  
 And we are a set of asses.  
 But never mind, where will you find  
 Hunting Parson, near or far, sir,  
 That could by plan of mortal man  
 Make us aught but what we are, sir.

## CHORUS.

That could by plan uphold a man  
 When he is gone so far, sir.

- 6 Give us your hand, throughout the land,  
 Let us be churchmen all, sir ;  
 Let the Parson stand, with gown and band,  
 Yet I'm afraid he'll fall, sir :  
 Talk of the fame of our parish name,  
 With Dissenters all is o'er, sir ;  
 For we've gone the rounds, and beat the bounds,  
 And all got drunk once more, sir.

## CHORUS.

Dissenters away! (hiccup,) huzza!  
 'Tis priestcraft we adore, sir.

VI. *Pews.*

- 1 COME, list to me neighbours! come, list to my song!  
 Lest some half popish Parson should lead you all  
 wrong :  
 They would take down the pews, and perhaps you  
 don't know,  
 It is only because the old papists did so :  
 They would make you believe 'twere but pride to re-  
 fuse,  
 But beware when they cry--Away with the pews.
- 2 They will say 'tis concern for the aged and poor,  
 That they can't bear to see them thrust back to the  
 door ;  
 But respecting these poor they're completely at ease,  
 And are only concern'd popish fancies to please :  
 So don't be deceiv'd, but determine to choose  
 The Protestant part, and cry—Keep up the pews.
- 3 In the Protestant Church 'twould be monstrous to see  
 What's intended to follow, such as bending the knee  
 To some carpenter's carved work, or something as bad,  
 And all the old bones that from monks can be had :  
 So whoever hates Popery can't but refuse  
 To stop them at first, and keep up the pews.

- 4 'Twas a popish old custom to kneel side by side,  
 And if we would do it 'twould feed the Pope's pride ;  
 They would like such concession, and "Te Deum"  
     sing,  
 Well knowing what small innovations will bring :  
 Every step from simplicity sternly refuse,  
 And down with the vestry, and keep up the pews.
- 5 Let the rich and the poor in their places adore,  
 And suffer papistical trifling no more :  
 'Twas a rare wicked system, but long it hath passed,  
 For Old England discover'd its baseness at last.  
 Every vestige then keep out, and let none refuse  
 To beware when the knaves cry—Away with the  
     pews.
- 

### VII. *The Church-Rate.*

- 1 *Throw out the Church-rate!* "Live and learn,"  
 The Parson well may say :  
 "The very thought of such a thing  
     Doth fill me with dismay.  
 I hold that church-rates are a debt,  
     To highest bidder due:  
 I bought them for a good round sum,  
     And I must have them too.
- 2 "A hardship to repair the place,  
     Where high-church notions dwell?  
 Where our forefathers doz'd in peace,  
     And we sleep just as well?  
 Where gifts and offerings we receive,  
     And modern rituals learn;  
 Which tho' the people they deceive,  
     To our advantage turn.

- 3 " The very man who for this rate  
A sixpence will not pay,  
Will for the meeting-house he loves  
Give ten pounds any day:  
He'll give his brethren of the best,  
And serve his pastor first ;  
Whilst I, with law on every side,  
May have for him the worst."
- 4 Where is the man whose soul doth hate  
All falsehood and deceit ?  
Oh, let him come and lay his rate  
Down at the Parson's feet !  
Upon his land and all his stock,  
'Tis true tithes heavy lay ;  
But still he's of the Parson's flock,  
Who has a right to flay.
- 5 He bought them, and upon their fleece  
His golden hopes were built ;  
And if he cannot get his rate,  
How awful is their guilt.  
The parish that will sink to that,  
And wisely close its purse ;  
Confess I must, tho' plain and pat,  
The rate's not worth a curse.
- 

VIII. *God speed the Plough.*

- 1 THE ploughmen turn the furrow'd field,  
Their spirits brought down low,  
No more as blithe as birds in May  
They whistle as they go.



The farmer stands with hard closed hands,  
And gives them little now ;  
For tithe and rent devour his lands  
Tho' God may speed the plough.

- 2 He tills the ground, and God doth yield  
His sunshine and his rains ;  
But tithe and rent consume the best  
Of all his honest gains.  
In vain each field with corn is fill'd,  
Laden with fruit each bough,  
The churchman's laws half starve the poor,  
Tho' God may speed the plough.
- 

IX. *The Fisherman's Song.*

- 1 COME now, my good mesmates ! hoist the sail,  
And let us be out to sea ;  
The tide's in our favour, and the gale  
Is fair as it well can be.  
Haul down our good boat into the deep,  
And start with the setting sun ;  
The surf runs high, and the beach is steep,  
And long is the course we've to run.
- 2 As through the night-watch we drift about,  
We will think of days long fled,  
When our Saviour did call plain fishermen out,  
To be fishers of men instead.  
Like us, they had hunger and cold to bear ;  
Persecution they afterwards knew ;  
And Jesus the Lord, whose disciples they were,  
Pharisaical formalists slew.

- 3 In the fourth watch, once, of a stormy night,  
Little way his disciples had made,  
When on the dark billows he stood in their  
sight,  
And their hearts were sore afraid.  
But he calmly beheld them, and said, "It  
is I ;"  
And his blessed voice still'd their alarm :  
So now by his Spirit to us he is nigh,  
And by faith we may lean on his arm.
- 4 All the night, once they'd toil'd and taken  
nought ;  
But he spake to the boundless sea,  
When they let down their nets, and of fishes  
caught  
An hundred and fifty and three.  
So good success unto all he will send,  
Who trust in his mercy aright ;  
Who come simply to him—nor on dead saints  
depend,  
Nor in monkish delusions delight.
- 5 And if ever in danger and fear we are toss'd  
Upon this life's stormy deep,  
We'll remember how once they thought all  
lost,  
When their Master lay fast asleep :  
But they call'd, and he sav'd—and can save us  
still—  
Held as heretics though we may be ;  
For, if faithful to him, we need fear no ill  
From Satan or Popery.
- 6 Our cause is a bark He'll not suffer to sink ;  
'Tis his foes who must founder as lead,

Who again at Rome's fount would have men  
to drink,  
Till they stumble among the dead:  
But the Protestant band, who in his faith and  
fear  
To no surplic'd follies resort,  
Form an ark of his truth, which his mercy will  
steer  
To its rest in the heavenly port.

---

### X. *Village Politicians.*

- 1 THEY'VE gone down to the Chequers, to run up a  
score!  
And scan all the measures of government o'er!  
Whilst those who should teach them, in luxury snore:  
Which nobody can deny.
- 2 There's nothing they're taught to understand;  
They're deluged with trash on every hand;  
Infidelity's venom o'er-runs the land:  
Which nobody can deny.
- 3 They have newspapers suited to every degree  
Of political mania that ever can be;  
All bawling about freedom, and none of them free:  
Which nobody can deny.
- 4 They have lecturing vagrants, who pocket the chink:  
They have hum-drum book-parsons, who never could  
think;  
But read ready-made sermons, and leave them to sink:  
Which nobody can deny.
- 5 So they know not in ignorance what they would have;  
But are led by their noses by every knave;  
And walk in the dark from their birth to their grave:  
Which nobody can deny.

6 Sunday Papers they have, to inflame them with  
wrongs ;

Whilst their Pastors are wrangling and prating in  
throngs,

About vestments—which I would not touch with the  
tongs :

Which nobody can deny.

7 Now I think—and it is not mere matter of taste—  
That none but half papists would be in such haste,  
On such fooleries time and attention to waste :

Which nobody can deny.

8 All the love that I have for such stuff, is to pray  
That God, in his mercy, would sweep it away ;  
And send better men, or the Church must decay :

Which nobody can deny.

---

### XI. *The English Yeoman.*

1 I AM an English yeoman !

My father's lands I hold ;

These hundred years, and more than that,

They've not been bought or sold !

Still by the same old hearth as they,

I take my evening seat ;

When storms close in the winter's day,

And make the fireside sweet.

2 I never knew an empty house,

Nor poverty did fear ;

For I have store of cash in hand .

At all times of the year.

So I keep up all old customs,

Such as wine, and song, and hound ;

Take rent and tithe at Easter,

And at Whitsun beat the bound.

- 3 I am an English yeoman !  
So do not think it strange,  
That I hunt, and drink, and sleep at church,  
Nor wish for any change.  
I laugh at thoughtful men, and let  
Things go their usual way ;  
For I know I'm only like a dog,  
That can but have its day.
- 4 I come home very hungry  
From shooting on the moor,  
And think how good of Unions  
To feed the starving poor.  
I honour all old customs,  
And am not over-nice :  
Where parish pickings may be had  
I don't refuse a slice.
- 5 I am an English yeoman !  
Rejoicing in a name ;  
And never like my peace disturb'd  
For honour or for fame.  
I love the Church, as well I may,  
For it doth the pockets fill,  
Of one, with whom I've many a day  
Gone hunting o'er the hill.
- 6 These Baptists, Chartists, Infidels,  
I know they fret him sore ;  
Wesleyans and Independents too,  
They number many a score ;  
And, bless me ! - there's the Quaker  
On our Church pomp doth low'r  
Together, I fear, they'll shake her  
From altar unto tower.

- 7 I've heard that English yeomen  
In her defence have stood.  
Oh dear ! I should flinch, to budge an inch,  
If it cost one drop of blood :  
For work or fight I dare not do ;  
Nor am fond of much research ;  
But, like a modern yeoman true,  
Love to take my nap at church.
- 

## XII. *Why are you a Dissenter ?*

- 1 COME, listen to me, neighbours !  
And I'll tell you of our way :  
When we work, we set about it  
Without pomp or vain display.  
Our work is never finished,  
Nor do we rest content,  
Until the Gospel message  
To all around is sent.
- 2 We should feel quite disappointed,  
If our Minister were slow,  
To show the poorest soul the way  
That God would have him go.  
The proud may try to spite us ;  
But we are fully bent  
To do our Master's work, and be  
With obloquy content.
- 3 We look for burden'd sinners,  
And without more ado,  
Tell them how, that without money,  
They may be saved too.

We hear around us scoffers ;  
But remember Jesus went  
To this very sort of people,  
And was with scorn content.

4 And now and then some join us,  
By love allured in,  
Believing what we told them  
Of pardon for all sin.  
Men's hearts are filled with dudgeon ;  
But they are well content,  
Though formalists may blame them,  
To mingle with dissent.

5 And oft some pious Preacher,  
From village or from town,  
Deep int'rest will awaken,  
Without a band or gown :  
He takes nothing for his sermon,  
But is better far content,  
If, by his means, hearts are enlarg'd,  
And the Gospel farther sent.

6 And we all love to be doing,  
And would think it a disgrace,  
If we refus'd, for preaching,  
To build a decent place.  
And so, to rear a Meeting-house  
We all become intent ;  
And on this lawful object,  
Our willing gold is spent.

7 We hate coercive systems,  
That tithe the industrious poor ;  
We'd empty first our pockets,  
Or beg from door to door.

So our "Meeting" soon is finished,  
 What with money given or lent;  
 For many soon flock round us,  
 When they find their good is meant.

8 And then there's such a clamour,  
 With those who'd keep men blind;  
 Such as sporting Squires, and Parsons,  
 Who all are of one mind.  
 They tell the poor they're sinning,  
 And shall to jail be sent;  
 But this is foolish falsehood,  
 And they cannot crush dissent.

9 And good effects soon follow:  
 The quarrels, day and night,  
 Which used to be incessant,  
 Are banish'd now outright.  
 Sedition and rebellion,  
 Which once sought eager vent,  
 Give place to peace and order,  
 Wherever there's dissent.

---

### XIII. *The Weak King's Funeral.*

1 'Twas a winter-night, and the pall was white,  
 For the snow fell thick and fast,  
 As to the grave in Windsor Nave  
 The weak King's coffin past.

2 Poor weak King Charles! 'twas meet that he,  
 Whose reign on earth below  
 Had been as weak as weak could be,  
 Should melt away like snow.



- 3 There had risen against him a noble host,  
To avenge old Freedom's woes ;  
And they fought and strove to the uttermost,  
Against her's and Religion's foes.
- 4 For the weak King Charles had held nought so  
dear,  
As the power that with him must die ;  
And his tyranny made Freedom's champions  
fear,  
That a day of enslaving drew nigh.
- 5 For there was a Bishop had forged for them  
chains,  
And a yoke that galled them sore ;  
But headlong they hurl'd him from earth for  
his pains,  
With all his papistical lore.
- 6 By his fall they gave to priestcraft a blow,  
Which to moderns a lesson might read ;  
For no throne is so high, but it may from below  
Be uprooted by Liberty's seed.
- 7 No trumpet did sound, no honours they gave,  
'To the Tyrant they'd driven away :  
His opponents were firm, unflinching, and  
brave ;  
Just such as we want at this day.
- 8 They made a strict search for the foes of  
Christ's church,  
Who burdens upon them had laid ;  
Those fools ! who supposed, in a Protestant day,  
Papistical change could be made.

- 9 Christ's church they'd have spoil'd, but they  
themselves fell,  
By the stern sons of truth crush'd outright ;  
Even as it is written, "The raging of Hell  
Shall never destroy Her" quite.
- 10 She hath risen again, and we have Her still,  
And she never can wholly fail ;  
Though papistical Churchmen may use all  
their skill,  
They'll never, no never prevail.
- 11 But now that she's menac'd by crafty men,  
There are heroes still found by her side ;  
And if it should come to the worst,—why then  
They can die as their forefathers died.
- 12 But let them beware, who would burden this  
age  
With their trumpery, Papal or not ;  
If another **WEAK CHARLES** should awaken  
our rage,  
Then a **CROMWELL** may be on the spot.
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#### XIV. *The Punishment of Archbishop Laud.*

- 1 His day had gone past, truth had triumphed  
at last,  
And his end was drawing nigh ;  
And the bigoted Tool of a Tyrant stood  
By the place where he must die.
- 2 He had worried the Church, like a very weak  
man ;  
He had wearied it with strife ;

And all for the forms of Popery's sake,  
Which he had liv'd all his life.

3 And as he pass'd over old Tower Hill,  
It was just what is usual to see ;  
Ev'ry door, and roof, and window sill,  
Were as throng'd as throng'd could be.

4 And the mob gaz'd on, with necks stretch'd out,  
And vacant eyes open'd wide ;  
For the rabble care not, what a show is about—  
Whether hanging, or aught beside.

5 But the thoughtful who lov'd the church alone,  
And would not to prelacy bow ;  
Whose labours had brought this crisis on :  
These men were not near him now.

6 They had foil'd his designs, and remov'd him  
from place,  
Where he lorded it over Christ's fold ;  
And they would not so noble a cause disgrace,  
But were men of a loftier mould.

7 To gaze on a victim was not their desire ;  
They had conquer'd, and that suffic'd :  
And the best of them burn'd with a hallow'd  
fire,  
To serve the cause of Christ.

8 The Prelate was gone—vesture, gesture, and  
and sign,  
And bowing, and all the rest ;  
And they now hop'd the church might in  
purity shine,  
And be with simplicity blest.

XV. *The Churchman's Demand, and Dissenter's Answer.*

- 1 TAKE all you wish for, Parson !  
For tithe, take goods away !  
You cannot touch the faith which God  
Increases day by day.
- 2 You have ruined my poor husband !  
Broke the heart of his poor wife !  
What with tithes, and rates of parish,  
He is crush'd, I fear, for life.
- 3 So here I am, divided  
From the husband whom I love :  
And my children have no father,  
But him who is above.
- 4 Take, take ! although not welcome !  
'Tis little you'll leave behind !  
Men must bow to your dear idol,  
Or they'll no mercy find !
- 5 Your heart is hard as millstone,  
And steel'd against all prayer ;  
You've no respect to conscience,  
Nor the light of truth can bear !
- 6 But God is with his servants,  
In the hour of their distress !  
He'll comfort the poor widow ;  
And help the fatherless !
- 7 This is the way Dissenters  
Are served by surplic'd men ;  
Then fight for truth, while able,  
Lest we're slaves to them again.

XVI. *Work not over.*

- 1 **WORK's not over !** souls still need it !  
    Though the whole with God doth rest ;  
He bids us work, and he will speed it,  
    If our prayer 's to him address'd.  
When rest comes, with joy receive it,  
    When you've done the best you can ;  
Work thus over, calmly leave it :  
    The end's with God, and not with man !
- 2 **Work thus done !** to wife or mother,  
    Thankful, homeward bend your way ;  
Hearts that purely love each other !  
    Hail the peaceful close of day !  
Then do those, too often parted,  
    To the social dwelling come ;  
Emblem of scenes, where saints pure hearted  
    Meet in one eternal home !



LONDON :

WARD &amp; CO. 27, PATERNOSTER ROW, ST. PAUL'S.









